

Cavalry Academia

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Summary: A new take on high school students with supernatural powers where an old threat resurfaces to take revenge on humanity and the legends that protect it. An AU similar to the anime Rakudai Kishi no Cavalry (SYOC). Rated M for language (at the moment).

1. Ch 1: How it all began

20 years ago, there were 6 knights that fight against a dark force that threatened the Hall of Origins and the word itself using the souls of Pokemon and powers bestowed upon them by Arceus to help combat the darkness. It was a long grueling battle, one that had Giratina and Darkrai victims of mind control, eventually freeing them and returning. As the being was eventually subdued and knocked out, it was the form of Shadow Lugia. It was a legend even among legends, a Lugia from another dimension that had succumbed to darkness that shouldn't have existed in this world. As a solution, Arceus and the other legends sealed Shadow Lugia and sent the dark legend into a void, imprisoned for all eternity.

The six knights were honored as they returned to their own world, praised for their accomplishments. They all lived in the same region, each Knight was the best warrior from the six cities on the large continent. As they returned to their respective towns, they were deemed royalty, eventually training other Knights. Eventually, they decided to have schools created in order to train more worthy Knights as a strange influx of evil plagued the Ardentium region, which had been previously unnamed. Every year, they would host a Battle Festival where the six schools would compete to determine who was the best school for that year until the next event. It had many endorsements and was publicly televised as the Spirit of Arceus was in attendance. There was one school that was deemed the strongest in the past, but in the last couple of years hadn't been doing well. That was Alternium Academy, led by the Knight Lucy Alvarez, the headmaster of her school. She stared out the window with a grin on her face. This year, she had a new batch of promising students and a new selection process to find six students worthy enough to send to the Battle Festival this year.

Meanwhile, a male student had been training in his own secluded area in a forest, his eyes closed as the sun began to rise. As he stood, holographic targets spun around him at varying speeds, the sunlight hitting his face. A flurry of punches and kicks were unleashed, some of his attacks too quick for the normal eye to see. There was a timer, stopping once all the targets were considered broken. In total, there were 20 targets; he had cleared it in 3.4 seconds. He clenched his fist as he looked upward to the sky. This semester, he wouldn't hold back anymore and show them what he was capable of.

Suddenly, a hooded figure dropped down out of nowhere, landing softly on the ground and walked towards the male. "Meteos, are you sure? It's been a decade since you've last used your powers. They've most likely grown as you have, but will you be able to handle it?" Its voice was ominous, devoid of any indication of gender. The person tossed an object at Meteos, who turned to smirk at his mentor, catching the item: a key attached to a keychain. His reply was a simple nod, earning a chuckle from his mentor. "So be it. But at the first sign of things going beyond your control, I'll have to step in." With that, the figure disappeared. Meteos smiled, placing the key around his neck, hiding it underneath his shirt. Running a hand through his brown shoulder length hair, his azure colored pupils stared at the sky once more as he walked to Alternium Academy to prepare for orientation. Even though he was the lowest ranked student in school, he did volunteer to help and he wasn't one to go back on his word, especially for a member of the student council. Placing his glasses on his face, he raced towards the orientation.

****Meanwhile****

Headmaster Alvarez had left to pick up a special guest from the train station nearby in her personal limo. Luckily, they had picked her up at a different location since this particular student hailed from another city, a daughter to one of the other Knights. Paparazzi had caught wind of her arrival and crowded the entrance, but there were always backup plans when it came to Lucy. She chuckled as she sat across the princess while looking out the window, watching the crowd pass by in the transport. "So, I assume your father didn't handle you enrolling to my school all to well, huh?" The girl had crimson hair that fell to her waist and violet eyes, along with a set of features that made her into every guy's dream girl: a cute face, an attractive body and very intelligent. To top it all off, she was going to be a first year at Alternium.

The student giggled in response. "He should be reading my letter about now. I wanted to go to a school that would treat me as an equal not like royalty just because my father fought along side you. I hope that makes sense somewhat." Lucy couldn't help but smile at her explanation, nodding in agreement. "As for orientation, do I really have to go? I'm sure that I've already got an understanding of the rules."

"Yes, you do. You're the one that said you wanted treatment like everyone else, remember?" Lucy burst out laughing at the girl, who facepalmed herself after realizing her blunder. "Besides, we do something differently around here that where you're from." The limo approached the school, pulling through the entrance gates as the

vehicle pulled into the staff parking lot, the chauffeur assisting them out. "Head inside, there are signs everywhere leading to the auditorium."

The school was a large campus, practically rivaling an amusement park with how many buildings there were, ranging from dorm rooms to different facilities for training or public fights. The main building however was the most extravagant, with marble floors in every single hallway. As the female student walked inside with the other incoming 1st years, she heard many people talking about how good she looked. Smiling to herself, she finally found the auditorium taking a seat amongst the other students as the lights began to dim once everyone was seated.

I hope you enjoyed this mix of a prologue/1st chapter. And Don't worry, I intentionally didn't describe the headmaster or give out the name of this new female. Now this may come as a surprise to you, some of those who may know of me, but now I have joined the SYOC movement. So down below, there is an OC form that I came up with. It will have you choose between one aspect of your character or the other, but it's self explanatory.

**** OC Form****

****Name:****

****Age:****

****Gender:****

****Year: (1st year through 4th year)****

****Rank: (A-D)****

****Personality: (try to be as descriptive as you can)****

****Appearance: (Again, lots of detail)****

****Clothing: (Students will wear uniforms for regular school activity and battles. However, there will be moments when they won't be on campus and are allowed to wear regular clothes.)****

****Weapon: (Anything that isn't a firearm or gun related. Multiple weapons are acceptable, but must have some drawback to or form into one weapon as a whole, and because not everyone can do what I'd like to call multi wield, it will be limited. The maximum is three, so consider it like a fraction of the power of one weapon of all three are used, but only using one out of those three retains its full strength. Also, describe your weapon(s) too, there are many swords but not all of them are the same. Because of this, give said weapon(s) a name, whether it be a creative name or a title.)****

****Weapon augments: (Based on the Pokemon soul you pick, generally augmenting your attacks based on your typing. Should you not choose one, you can have the previous "fraction clause" nullified if you have multiple weapons or have an augment that increases the strength of a single weapon)****

****Pokemon soul: (Your inner spirit animal if you will, though anyone**

who opts not to have one will not be at a disadvantage.)**

Appearance after transforming: (Describe what he or she looks like after activate their spirit animal, whether they become gijinka or human but wear an outfit signifying what Pokemon they are, including any asthetic weapon changes. Let it be known that the legendaries are not, and I repeat, NOT, up for grabs.)

**Skills: **

Background: (I'm sure you know the drill, put your heart into it)

Reason why he/she wants to become a Knight:

Family: (Not necessary but would be nice)

Likes:

Dislikes:

Desired traits in friends:

Desired traits in romance:

Affiliation to my OC: (Friend/Rival/Enemy. If you have a sudden desire to have your OC become Meteos's sibling, leave the family section blank, though I'm only taking the two OC's and they must be first year.)

**Additional info: **

Favorite Pokemon: (Doesn't necessarily have to be the one your OC is)

Now, I'd like to please ask that you send the forms in PM, I repeat IN PM. Just as a reminder, should there be any confusion about wherefore send them (for some reason) but also due to the fact that reviews are meant to be reviews. Speaking of which, please try to be as constructive with your criticism as you can, I'd prefer not to get lit up like a fireplace. Back to the subject at hand, initially the OC spots will be limited just for my sanity, but don't think that it'll be the end of that, as there will be more opportunities for your character to appear in later stages of the plot of they don't get picked. On top of thatâ€¦.well, I don't wanna spoil it, so you'll just have to wait until next chapter to find out. Take care, and Carpe Diem.

2. Ch 2: An Orientation and a Brawl

I didn't imagine I'd do this well, and I do hope that it will improve as the story proceeds. As a heads up, I have received OC submissions, and a good portion of you know who got accepted, but only a couple spots are left on the table before my next phase starts. What that consists of is for me to know and for you to find out eventually. Anyway, here's chapter 2.

All the first year students had been varying ages, some older than others, but that had been how the school worked. Every student was required to wear their uniform, which was a white jacket with the school's insignia, three swords in the shape of an "A" with a shield in the background, complemented by black pants for the males or black skirts for the females. However, the longer a student remained there, they would receive different color jackets. Once the auditorium had gone silent as the room itself began to change; the seats began to encircle the stage and the floor began to rise up as the platform began turning into a grassy battlefield. Many gasps were heard as this happened, while some stayed calm and just watched, knowing full well that this wasn't an auditorium but one of the school's many fighting arenas. With the seats being elevated, the field was surrounded on all sides as two doors from the east and west side of the arena floor opened as students began walking out, some of them recognizable from the previous Battle Festival team that Alternium Academy sent to represent them. Headmaster Albarez soon followed them, stepping in the middle of the field as the arena lit up. Her blue hair shone in the light as she smiled to her audience, clearing her throat before she spoke into the mic she held. "Hello, there new students. I am one of the six Knights who fought to save this world and the legendary Hall of Origins. You may know me as The Duelist, Lucenia Albarez, but please refer to me as Headmaster Albarez. I'd like to welcome you to Alternium Academy." There was applause that followed her introduction.

"Now, unfortunately the president of the student council and the strongest student of the school couldn't make it today as she had to take care of an urgent meeting, but you will see her another time. I would however like to address a couple things, the first being the varying age group. As you might have noticed, not all of you are 14 years old. That is because the six Knights decided to recently have exhibition matches between the schools year round for older students or students of at least C rank as a way for other organizations to scout out talent for jobs. I won't go into detail, but long story short, don't let someone's age intimidate you unless they have proven to you otherwise, which brings me to my next point: battling. To become a full fledged knight, you must train and get in a lot of experience from battling others. Because of that, we do allow scheduled mock battles or have school tournaments, one of which is how we pick out a team to send to the Battle Festival. However, there are some differences between the two battles. Mock battles are meant to be spar oriented and weapons should be on what we call Phantom mode, where instead of inflicting actual damage it'll drain a person of their energy. School sanctioned fights for tournaments however prepare you for the real world, where all attacks are considered dangerous." As an example, she took her sword off her waist and slid her finger against the blade, causing a small cut as small drops of blood hit the ground. "See? Even the slightest misstep can cost you, and that's the reality of what you're attempting to become. So because of this, we ask that you not attempt to cheat and set up traps on the field beforehand or attempt to kill or dismember another student. Cheating results in disqualification and trying to kill or maim another student with malicious will result in expulsion or suspension with adult supervision." She took out a handkerchief, wrapping it around her finger.

"Now, if you check the inside left pocket of your uniform jacket, you should have a box that was sealed, only able to be opened by an authorization code. Right about now, you should be able to open it,

since you've been in this arena for the allotted time." Many shocked gasps could be heard as there was a smart phone inside each box in a phone case with the school's insignia on the back of it. "That cost a lot of money to get you all so try not to lose them. Now with those phones, you'll receive messages from the school about when and where battles are and who'll be fighting though that only really applies to the selection tournament. Well, since that clears up everything, so why don't I introduce our two students who volunteered to fight each other just as an example of how skilled our students are." The two volunteers approached the center of the field, nodding at the headmaster.

"We have Alyssia Blake, a 17 year old second year and one of the six students who represented us in the festival last year." Alyssia waved at the crowd, hearing a large applause. She had long blonde hair, straight until it reached her neck then becomes curly from then on, stopping at her tailbone. Her dark ocean blue colored pupils complemented her white, almost pale skin tone, mentally giggling as she looked into the crowd, seeing some of the new male students falling for her athletic yet voluptuous figure accompanied by her short arms and long slender legs, but particularly her impressive bust which she contained in her clothes, albeit the top button of her white jacket was undone.

"Next, we have another second year who is the same age. He didn't do too well last year, unfortunately holding the lowest overall rank but all his fights have been close, honing incredible skill. Please welcome Meteos Desmond." There were few claps, a couple of the new students chuckling at him but he clenched his fist, trying to hold in his anger. He took off his glasses, putting them in a shirt pocket while running his hand through his hair as his azure pupils looked over his opponent. Meteos held his chest, feeling the key that his mentor had given him. He knew he couldn't hold back anymore, but there was one person in attendance that would probably have questions for him. It would be a last resort, but it would be risky, maybe even make him a target for challengers.

"Such a scary glare, but it's empty if weakling like you tries to intimidate me." Alyssia smirked, her true colors showing. An angel on the outside but a devil on the inside, Alyssia was said to be manipulative but Meteos hadn't thought it was true. "I hope this doesn't end too quickly, I want this to be enjoyable somewhat."

"Easy for you to say when you couldn't even hold your own against the student council president. Remember when she wiped the floor with you?" Meteos shot back, causing Lucy to chuckle at that. Alyssia's eyes widened slightly, glaring back at him.

"I was gonna go easy on you, but you need to learn how to speak to your superiors. Instead of a spar, why don't we make this a full blown match since you're so sure you can beat me?" Alyssia smirked, challenging him.

"I've got no problem with that." Meteos cracked his neck, getting into a fighting stance. Headmaster Albarez nodded and a large screen appeared from the arena wall displaying the two combatants faces and their ranks with a large VS separating them. A loud airhorn sounded, and the match began with Meteos rushing towards Alyssia, not giving her time to even call out her weapon, forced to block his right hook.

Just as she was about to attempt a counterattack, she jumped back, evading a quick kick. "What's wrong? Can't handle my attacks to use your weapon?" Meteos taunted as he used his speed to close the distance, trying to keep Alyssia on the defensive.

Alyssia closed her eyes momentarily as she harnessed her inner beast, stomping on the ground, causing a small quake to disrupt Meteos, forcing him to retreat slightly. "Fine, I'll admit you're better than I thought, so I'll fight you with my full strength." She gave him a smile as two swords erupted from the ground, one was white with a green trimming while the other was green with a red trimming, both of them around 30 inches in length. "You better get your weapon out or else this'll be a bloodbath."

Meteos grinned in return as a long sword in its sheath materialized in front of him, grabbing it from the air but didn't draw his blade, mainly due to the tight bonds on the hilt that prevented him from doing so. "Push me far enough and I'll draw my blade." As intimidating as his sword was, it wasn't as significant as the dark aura it gave off.

"Don't get cocky." Alyssia warned him as she jumped high into the air, slashing both her blades downward, only to be blocked by his sheathed sword. The sound of metal hitting metal resounded through the arena, the students watching in awe as Meteos and Alyssia seemed equally matched. Backing off slightly, Alyssia ran at Meteos, closing the distance quicker than he had, slashing upward with one blade. Meteos dodged the attack as Alyssia used her other blade help adjust her body, strafing behind his to slash at his back. Quickly, the male turned around to defend the attack, pushed back as his shoes skid across the ground. "Not too bad, but I didn't miss."

Meteos looked at his jacket, noticing that she had gotten in a couple slashes without feeling them actually come in contact. When he looked back up, Alyssia already began her next attack, slicing at his legs, which he blocked with his sword, parrying the attack. Wide open, he swung his sheath, hitting the right side of her torso. Alyssia had the wind knocked out of her slightly, regaining her breath as she retreated. Her body soon became encased in light as she retained her clothing, but her body was different: she gained a tail with three rhombus shaped spikes on the end of it, a couple of antennae on her head, and a pair of wings, looking like a humanoid Flygon. Her hair grew longer, changing its blonde color to green with red stripes and her nails became sharper. Without a word, she took flight with her draconic wings, flying towards Meteos with a speed even faster than before. Meteos tried to dodge out the way, her attack cutting the right side of his face and his right arm. "Too fast for you? That's what happens when I don't hold back. You best surrender unless you wanna get hurt more." Alyssia taunted, landing on the ground and pointing one of her blade at him.

Meteos took off his jacket, revealing his sleeveless shirt he had on underneath and the toned muscles on his arm. "Well, why don't I stop messing around as well?" He took the key from around his neck as it began to glow. A seal began to glow on his chest through his shirt, projecting a holographic lock. Sticking the key inside the lock and turning it, both the key and lock disappeared as his own body began to glow; however, once the glow dissipated, Meteos hadn't changed. "For 5 years, I was forced to seal my power because it was too rampant. But now, you'll be the first to experience what I'm truly

capable of."

"You really expect me to believe that? You're bluffing!" Alyssia launched herself towards Meteos, spinning her body to use her tail as an attack. What looked like she made contact with his body was only an afterimage as Meteos stood behind her. Even the headmaster looked in surprise, as she hadn't seen such speed in a long time. The entire crowd was sitting on the edge of their seats not expecting such events to occur. "So what? You're faster than before, but that means nothing." Alyssia flew in the air as she began picking up speed, circling Meteos as she sped towards him, fully intent on finishing him off. Meteos ran towards her attack, grabbing the hilt of his sword, picking up speed as well as the two went past each other, their backs to their opponent. Everything had gone silent as they stood still, Meteos eventually falling to one knee as he coughed up some of his blood. "You were better than I expected, but it's all over now." Alyssia giggled in victory only to suddenly widen her eyes as cuts began covering her body, dropping her blades. Even with her tough scales, he seemed to cut through them with ease as she collapsed to the ground, reverting to her human form and her weapons disappearing. And to make matters worse, he didn't draw his blade and used Phantom mode to completely drain her energy.

Meteos stood back up, stabbing his sheathed sword in the ground as he wiped the blood from his face. There was a roar of cheers as Meteos had surprised everyone in beating one of the top students of the school. He walked over to Alyssia, helping her to her feet. "Hey good match, Alyssia. Had you been a split second faster, you probably would have won. And I didn't mean any disrespect by using Phantom mode, but I didn't want to chance causing harm with that technique. But I'm sure you'll want a rematch to kick my ass, so I'll look forward to it." He smiled at her, offering her a handshake.

Begrudgingly accepting his handshake, Alyssia shook his hand and walked away, glaring back at him with a look of revenge. "Congratulations on winning that match, Meteos. A very impressive display of power and it makes sense now why you never transformed before." Headmaster Albarez walked up behind him smiling, only saying that last part loud enough for him to hear. "There we have it, students. This is the conclusion of the orientation, but if you wanted to watch more fights, the other students here would gladly do so as some of them are actually scheduled. But feel free to go have lunch in our cafeteria or if you've got settled into your dorms, go out into the city and eat in a restaurant." She handed Meteos his jacket, walking towards one of the arena doors to head back to her office.

Meteos looked upwards in the stands as some of the students began to leave, running up the wall of the battlefield, vaulting over the railing and landing on the floor, his jacket hanging from his shoulders he walked up the aisle stairs. "N-nice work out there." He heard a familiar voice behind him, turning around to see a male first year student, around the age of fourteen. "Your last name is Desmond? S-So is mine, but I've never heard of your name. Are you one of my cousins perhaps?" He was a short kid, looking up at Meteos with his dark brown hair that covered his ears and a couple strands dangling past his eyebrows. Despite his size, he was as fit as the rest of the kids his age that had gotten in. Bearing large round eyes with brown pupils, a fair skin tone and a heart shaped face along with two moles

on his left cheek gave him a unique appearance. It was quite obvious he was a bit shy and nervous but worked up enough courage to approach him.

Meteos began walking away, motioning for the student to follow. "I can't believe that you're still so shy after all this time Rey. Hell, you don't even remember your older brother." Meteos chuckled as he turned around to rustle his little brother's hair. "I never thought you'd be here, so that's a surprise." Rey's face lit up, pushing Meteos' hand off his head. "And by the way, I go by Meteos now, so no need to call me by my birth name."

"Why not? You think dad's still upset with you abo-" Rey asked, confused by his reasoning only to be interrupted by Meteos.

"I don't want to talk about that right now, okay? Just go and get settled in. I'm sure you've got new friends to make to work on not being shy right?" Meteos began walking out of the arena heading outside, his wounds no longer bleeding and had closed up already. "I'll catch you later, okay?" Rey nodded, watching his older brother walk off. Something happened to him, and I intend to find out, Rey thought to himself, heading to the main building to figure out what he would eat.

It was late afternoon as Meteos sighed, making it back to his dorm room after climbing 4 stories of stairs, one that was close to the staircase and arguably the largest room. Apparently, while building the complex, the headmaster had requested that a larger room be made for private use, but then decided to open the room up after an influx of new students, giving the room to Meteos on day one. It was more than enough room for one person, having a master bedroom and bathroom, a kitchen with state of the art appliances, and a living room. First thing Meteos was gonna do was plop on the couch and relax. The strain he put on his body after using his soul during the battle with Alyssia after such a long time caused him a bit more harm than good. Using his keycard, he opened the door only to be met by the appearance of a crimson haired female student wrapped up in a towel, fresh out the shower. Their eyes met, both of them blushing as Meteos had shut the door already. "Uh...hi? Look, before you do anything rash, this is my dorm room since the keycards only grant access to their assigned rooms, and I'm guessing you're my roommate. I'm just gonna walk out and let you get dressed."

Surprisingly, she calmly nodded while still blushing, running to the bathroom as Meteos stepped back outside. Shutting the door behind him, he sighed and sat on the ground, trying to process what just happened. His blush had left his face, just in time as Meteos heard a group of footsteps approaching him. Looking up as soon as they surrounded him, he saw a group of guys led by Alyssia, most likely her fan club, but little did they know that they were just her pawns. "I'm not sure what this is about but can we please not? If it's about challenges or ganging up on me and saying that you were holding back and how I wasn't worth your full power, I'm already dealing with something, and this really isn't the best time." Meteos looked at them, various expressions on their face, turning to Alyssia, playing the damsel in distress almost perfectly.

"I'm not even worth your time? You hurt my feelings, Meteos." She whimpered, giving Meteos a quick smirk as her tools comforted her. One of the males stepped forward, jabbing his finger into Meteos'

chest.

"Don't act high and mighty just because you caught her off guard. I'll kick your ass myself if you don't show her some respect."

"No, let me at him. He thinks he's tough shit, and I'll set him straight."

Not everyone was there with Alyssia's group, but the chiming in was starting to get annoying. Meteos clenched his fist in anger as he spoke, his voice, although calm, seemed to silence everyone.

"Alyssia, call off your dogs, I know what you're here for." He handed her an envelope. "Now, please go before shit hits the fan." Alyssia smirked at him, giving her posse a signal as they left, although Meteos though he saw something purple on Alyssia's neck, turning his attention to the three people standing before him, two of whom he had seen before. It was gonna be a long talk.

****Meanwhile****

There was nothing but darkness as Shadow Lugia was sealed away in a void, unable to escape. Suddenly, a hooded figure appeared out of nowhere, followed by six others. "Sir, is this who will give us enough power to stop those Knights?" One of the people asked the ringleader, no other facial expression feature other than a toothy grin could be seen as its face was shrouded in darkness. In its hand was an orb that projected images of the future, what would come should they succeed in their tasks: a world taken over by dark corruption and an interdimensional conquest that would span different worlds and universes, becoming unstoppable.

"Those Knights think that they defeated Astanoth long ago, but little did they know that I was a part of his backup plan. Soon, should everything go smoothly, we will take down all those who oppose us, capture and make the Hall of Origins our base of operations and proceed to take over whatever we see fit." The figure maniacally laughed. "And any Knights in training will succumb to mind control and join our ranks. But don't worry, I'll make sure we leave some to take your revenge against." A blinding light shone, and the Shadow Lugia seemed to wake up, its eyes glowing as it stared at something, bringing the intruder maddening images of in depth carnage that would be seen in the future.

Meteos woke up screaming, covered in sweat as his red headed roommate comforted him and tried to calm him down. "Shhh, it's okay. It's just a dream." She said, giving him a hug, but was just as frightened as he was. His body was trembling in fear and it wouldn't stop. Was it truly a dream, or something more?

****Who is this hooded figure and what do they hope to accomplish? Will this attractive female roommate be revealed? Who were the three people Meteos talked to? All of these might be answer, but I have no clue when...well I do, but that's beside the point. I hope you enjoyed this chapter and look forward to the next one.****

End
file.